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## Notice.

### TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS AND THE PUBLIC.

*It is with the greatest possible regret we are compelled to apologize for the non-accomplishment of our promise last Thursday, to present to our readers a full and detailed account of the Beethoven Inauguration at Bonn. We have waited until the very last moment for the notice from our own correspondent, and, though we expect it by every post, we cannot hazard a late delivery of the journal in expectation thereof. We trust that the account we shall give next week, will make ample amends for all delay.*

## Her Majesty's Theatre.

The last performance of *Don Giovanni*, on Thursday last was decidedly the best of the season. Grisi and Lablache were great as ever; Rosetti proved a good substitute for Rita Borio; Castellan sung very sweetly; and even Fornasari threw additional light and life into the hero. We never heard the finale to the first act delivered with such spirit and earnestness in Her Majesty's Theatre. The last scene alone—now impiously broken into a third act—went off tamely. A strange scene occurred on Saturday night, which was near breaking into open revolt. *Norma* was announced with the original cast, and, just before the overture commenced, a gentleman stepped forwards on the proscenium and announced Grisi's indisposition and consequent incapacity to perform, adding that Rossi Caccia had kindly undertaken to play the part at a moment's notice. This was a thunderclap to the audience, and was followed by a continuous hissing, which we look upon as a most senseless display of ill feeling and bad taste. It was a *contretemps* which could neither be foreseen nor avoided. If sibilation expressed sorrow, we ourselves should have felt inclined to approve of the hisses, for nothing could be more indifferent than Rossi Caccia's entire performance of a character unsuited to her small powers in every way. Lablache's magnificent singing in the first scene harmonized the audience into good humour, and the opera was endured. *Puritani* on Tuesday, and *Lucia di Lammermoor* this night, for Moriani's benefit, will close the

season. We shall now, in as brief a manner as possible, proceed to review the opera from the commencement of the year.

This week's notice closes our remarks on the opera for 1845. This night its last echo will wake within the walls of Her Majesty's Theatre—the last twinkle of Terpsichore be seen—the last bouquet fall—the last lip applaud. For six months, silence and darkness shall usurp the late abode of light and music. The huge structure with its monster-jaws shall be all agape for its customary prey; but in its own despite must it hybernate and wait the coming of the spring to rouse it from its stagnation, bring it food in living masses, and stuff it to the gorge. The last note of *Lucia* sounds the knell of the opera—the final obeisance of Lucile Grahn and Perrot seals the fate of the ballet for 1845. On taking a retrospective glance at the past season, we are chiefly struck with its great success in a monetary point of view. In no year within our recollection has the treasury proved so pregnant. In fact, in no season can we call to mind when the opera has been, we may say up to the last moment, so crowdedly attended. We rejoice at this for two reasons:—first, because it is an incontrovertible sign of the progress music is making amongst us; secondly, for that we think the manager in every way deserving of the fruitage. But notwithstanding its ample success, we are far from considering the opera season of 1845 either brilliant or felicitous. Without one exception the new engagements have all proved, if not failures, inconsequential adjuncts. Neither Moriani, who may be looked upon as a *debutant*, nor Rossi Caccia, nor Barhoilhet, nor Rita Borio, nor Rosetti, has proved attractive. Moriani commenced with a great name; he departs without one yearn for his next year's return. Rossi Caccia, whom Fame heralded as a second Sontag, could neither surprise nor please. Barhoilhet was *passé*, and was charitably endured. Rita Borio and Rosetti luckily stepped on our boards with names unknown, and nothing being expected from those who were unblazoned and unpuffed, the public were something pleased, the one having a fine voice, the other evidencing some art. Castellan may be visited on us as an exception, but we can hardly concede it. We allow her very great merit as an artist: that her voice is very beautiful; that she sings with taste and judgment; that she acts with *naïveté* and feeling, if not

power: but remorseless Nature puts her veto against her singing throughout an opera. To make use of a sporting phrase, trite, though true, she cannot stay the distance: the Two-year-old course of the concert room is better suited to her respiration than the Derby course of an opera. Indeed we lament this as much as any one may do, for we fear it is the consequence of a delicacy of constitution: and what can be more injurious under such circumstances than undergoing the fatigue of such a performance as the *Sonnambula*? Nothing can be more delicious than Madame Castellan's singing in the earlier portions of that opera, but she shrinks into mild mediocrity before the curtain falls. Certainly a winter's rest and care may strengthen her constitution so as to enable her to sing next season with equable power through an entire work; but gold is the only seed by which singing-birds live, and gold they must have at any expense, and thus Madame Castellan's voice is more likely to be sacrificed than renovated. We would not willingly lose Madame Castellan, but we had rather bear with her absence one entire season, to hear her on the following in all her power and efficacy. We would some one undertook to read this article to the lady. It is written in a truer spirit of friendly feeling than are all the indiscriminate fulsome flatteries of certain uncogitating newspaper hirelings. Moriani disappointed everybody. Last season we pronounced our opinions on his merits and defects, which now we see no reason to retract. He and Duprez are of a class. They belong to a school that endeavours all it can to subvert the gifts of nature. The voice strained to its highest pitch to produce eternal effect; tragic singing in which scream supplies the place of passion, and vehemence, feeling; a total absence of repose, or if ever had recourse to, used as a mere preparative to rant; sweetness condemned for force, captivation for surprise and truth for effect:—such is the great school the French have originated and modern Italy ratifies. The very natural consequence is, to the singer, an early loss of his voice, and a grievous disappointment to those who hear him in his decay, whilst yet his name is ringing among nations. In this way, we account for Moriani's indifferent success in England. That he had a splendid voice, we have no means of disproving, and are not unwilling to allow, since we witness in his style and method that which would macademize an organ of brass. Moriani is a very young man—his school has killed him in his youth. It is the same with Duprez. Let us turn for a moment to two other schools and see how they work—we mean, the artificial school of Rubini, and the natural school of Braham and Donzelli. How has time used them? Donzelli might be Duprez' or Moriani's father—yet how much voice has he lost? Go to San Carlos and in his sixtieth year listen and you will learn. What decay has come over Rubini? Has he left the stage because his notes had lost their power? No—Rubini in his fifty-sixth year might come out a fresh tenor and lash every high-strained

bawler from every stage in Europe! Look at our own Braham! Is he not the most extraordinary example on record of a singer lasting to such an extent of years, that—but no one knows how old he is—at all events, he has lasted time out of mind, and lasted from no other cause than that he belonged to the legitimate school of vocalization and—well, he may thank his stars Meyerbeer did not write an opera for him. We may dismiss Rossi Caccia with a word. The lady had some histrionic pretensions, but was vocally inadequate. She was tried two or three times and then wisely shelved. The same words apply to the great French baritone (O, these French greatnesses), Barhoilhet—excepting that he had no histrionic pretensions. Again we were told in his behalf, that he once had a splendid voice. Then why the plague should he come here now? (Pardon us our swearing, good reader!—it is not often we are thus moved from our editorial dignity.) Is Her Majesty's Theatre fit for no better purpose than to become an hospital of invalids for every broken-winded singer from the continent? Let them come when they have good voices, and then, mayhap, on a subsequent visitation, we may be lenient with them, even should they come like Duprez, Moriani, and Barhoilhet with no voice at all, for the sake of their bye-gone powers. We have a very faint notion—that is a thought of an idea—the shadow of a fancy—the ghost of a supposition—that these very artists are at this moment in possession of capabilities as genuine and available as ever they were, and that finding their reputation in England fall far short of their continental report, they fall back on the poor past, the *has-been*, from which they draw all their veils and apologies for present failures. We should prosecute this supposal with somewhat more fierceness did we not just now remember, it would be upsetting the theory we took such pains to establish in the last fifty lines. Well, then, we only throw it out as a hint. It was unfortunate for, and dissatisfactory to the manager, that, out of five *debutants* introduced on the boards of Her Majesty's Theatre this year, not one proved successful, at least to an extent worth recording: nor could he blame himself for the consequences of these engagements, since among the five were procured the three greatest names on the Continent. This was indeed disheartening. Nor was Mr. Lumley a whit more recompensed for his operatic novelties and revivals. Verdi was found wanting. *Il Pirata*, *Guiramento*, and *Linda di Chamouni*, were received coldly, and the *Così fan Tutte* hardly endured. The operas of the season in most favour were *Don Giovanni*, *Barbiere*, *Don Pasquale*, *Anna Bolena*, *Norma*, *Sonnambula*, and perhaps *Semiramide*, *L'Elisir d'Amore*, and *Puritani*. *Otello*, one of the greatest works of the great master, was not in much odour; and the *Gazza Ladra* was played only twice, and these on benefit nights. The subscribers do not like melody, we suppose. "Why, very well then: we hope here be truths." *Roberto Devereux*, revived for Rossi Caccia and Barhoilhet,

was the grand mistake of the season. The music was beneath criticism, and the principal vocalists worse than indifferent. There was one questionable act of the administration upon which, in respect of its policy, we feel ourselves called to comment; viz., the holding back of Brambilla, who proved herself the greatest artist in the establishment, and was in especial favour with the public. Was this fair dealing with the lady, or with the visitors of the opera? We should like to have this answered satisfactorily. In every character in which Mademoiselle Brambilla appeared—and they, we are sorry to say, were few and far between—she showed herself an incomparable vocalist, from whom the choice singers of Europe might glean improvement. But she was neglected and overlooked, to give place to Rosetti, Rita Borio, and Rossi Caccia; nor had she a benefit. Well, we dare say there be good reasons for all this: only we doubt its policy. Grisi and Lablache were, of course, the main supports of the theatre—Fornasari its blot. Mario deserved more of the public than ever. Though occasionally faulty to a degree, he came out on several nights with power and effect. He is still improving. We have thus run over in a cursory manner the managerial policies of the opera of 1845, and the performances thereof, in which we have discovered much that was unfortunate, and something to blame; we now turn to the secondary department of Her Majesty's Theatre, the Ballet, a task more easy and palatable, in which there is nothing to censure, and all to praise. The annals of the Ballet at the Opera House afford nothing to compete with the season of 1845:—

"While lives the Ballet, shall this Season live!"

Taglioni's farewell, and the *Pas de Quatre*, will be remembered long as the memory remains to one happy beholder of the one or the other. No doubt Perrot will die, and Pugnini will depart; Lucile Grahn must vanish—Cerito bound away—Carlotta Grisi melt into darkness—yea, and the Sylphide fade gracefully into nought—but remembrance and the printer's ink, and the draughtsman's pencil, will hallow and rescue from oblivion the inter-commingled graces of the four greatest dancers of modern times, and the last twinkle of the last step of Terpsichore's darling—

Maria Taglioni.

D. R.

## On the Origin of Musical Terms.

BY SEBASTIAN FRONT.

Not continued.

Herodotus, or Heliogabalus, I am positive it was one or the other, observed, with that profound insight into human nature for which he was so justly celebrated, "that promises and pie-crusts were made to be broken." This is an irrefragable axiom, confirmation of which experience brings

home to us daily. Horace in his "Art of Poetry," or one of his "Odes," has prettily and happily illustrated it, and so has Boileau and Dr. Garth; but I cannot call to mind the different quotations, and the reader will credit me for my knowledge, which he can hardly doubt after my very erudite display in the last number of the *Musical World*. Heliogabalus, I repeat hath said, "promises and pie-crusts were made to be broken;" and this, my notice of to-day, too fully corroborates the golden truth. I promised in last week's journal to continue my papers on the origin of musical terms, intending to sift to the utmost of my ability, the etymology and primeval application of all technical words made use of in modern music. For this purpose I wrote a catalogue of all the conventional terms employed in the standard works, and thought I had succeeded to the fullest extent in my enumeration, when by chance a copy of the *Musical World* fell into my hands, and in the original correspondence I found such terms used and re-used, that, had I a federation of heads like Hydra, they must have obfuscated all. Good reader—or, if I have more than one—good readers!—my promise must needs be a pie-crust, which necessity breaks open, and impossibility swallows up. I put it to your kindness, I demand it of your confidence in my veracity and modesty, whether with all my judgment and learning, with all my critical acumen, my perspicacity, and my analytic powers, I could even in hot fancy propound such terms as "twelve-equi-distant-key-note-concordant-sound system"—"musical fossils"—"super-tonic tetrad"—"anti-enharmonic discussion"—"synopsical review"—"compound-fractional diatonic semitone"—"tenth-part-of-an-eighth-seventy-fifth-three-oneths-and-a-half"—"8 0 0 for his key-note, and for his major second note in the subdominant chord, 9 14 0"—&c., &c., &c., &c.? Yes, I demand, could I, Sebastian Front, even gifted as I am (modestly be it spoken) with capacity beyond my times, endeavour to elucidate for the benefit of my dear readers, such rhapsodical gibberish, such Flibbertigibbet nonsense, such bedlamitish garrulity of pick-thatch phraseology as the above specimens give? Yet this, I am led to believe, is the style of your modern expositors of the plain sense of music: these be your teachers, your bold explainers:—

"I wish they would explain their explanations."

I confess to my absolute ignorance respecting the language of this new harmonic Areopagus. The Eleusinian mysteries are not more *caviare* to my understanding, than are the inspissated oracula of this heteroclyte set. Thus, then, am I found to forego the pleasing office I had anticipated to myself in my plain though recondite mode of tracing musical words to their true source, and thereby benefitting a fair section of my fellow men, in what had too long lain concealed in the cave of darkness and ignorance. But the hallucination is past: I have stopped at Fugue, hopeless of surmounting the monstrous obstructions of these ragged Pyrennees of phraseology. Let the correspondents in the *Musical World* hurl at each other's heads their polysyllabical verbosity, their super-tonic discords, their anti-chromatic, anti-melodic, anti-philogistic, anti-scorbutic ratiocinations, I neither feel able, nor do I desire to unwrap the black garment of their incompetence, that folds itself round the lights of music, as a night cloud winds itself round the stars, smothering their effulgence. *Parole d'honneur!* that last sentence is tolerably poetic, notwithstanding that a more genial term than "smothering" might be readily found. But never mind words, so they exhibit meaning. And now that I have touched on something poetical, I shall take leave to make a few observa-



tions on modern ballad-writers, and modestly conclude with a specimen of my own lyric capabilities; thus making some amends to my readers for their grievous disappointment in THE ORIGIN OF MUSICAL TERMS.

Should I seem something erratic and ridiculous in thus commencing one subject, and prosecuting another which has no connexion the most remote whatsoever with that subject, I can in self-defence bring forward an admirable precedent from no less celebrated an essayist and musical logician than Mr. French Flowers, who, in one of his excellent and transparent effusions in the *Musical World*—No. 25, vol. 20—commences his letter on the insufficiency of English composers, and finishes by insisting in very strenuous parlance that the Millanolos were very good fiddle-players.

The lyric-writer of the present day is as distinct an animal from the Bard of twenty years ago, as a cuckoo is from a linnet. Formerly the very vitality of a ballad-song was *love*. What is it now? *consanguinity*. The lover is entirely discarded from lyric complaints or ecstasies: a father's sigh, or a mother's tear, or a sister's smile, or a son's prattle, or a daughter's baby sleep, or sometimes a widow's wail, with such like kindred afflictions and affections, make up the modern minstrel's repertoire. Woe to the poet who now dares harp on Cupid's lyre! Hard will be his fate:—unbought by publishers, and unread in boarding-schools neglected, must he remain. I am afraid I should not be doing ample justice to this subject, were I to hurry it off in my present paper. I feel so much wit and point sparkling in my brain, and flashing to my pen while I write, and, being necessarily confined to space, I am sure my readers would be losers to a large amount, did I not postpone this fragmental essay to next week—if the editor permit me.

(To be continued.)

Covent Garden Flower Market, August 18, 1845.

### Anecdote of Gainsborough.

Gainsborough's profession was painting, and music was his amusement; yet, there were times when music seemed to be his employment, and painting his diversion.

At the time he lived at Bath, Giardini came there, and exhibited his *then* unrivalled powers on the violin. This excellent performer, on that instrument, soon captivated Gainsborough, and conceiving, like the servant maid in the Spectator, that the music lay in the fiddle, he was frantic until he possessed the *very* instrument which had given him so much pleasure, but seemed much surprised that the music of it remained behind with Giardini.

He had scarcely recovered this shock (for it was a great one to him) when he heard Abel on the viol-di-gamba. The violin was hung on the willow. Abel's viol-di-gamba was purchased, and the house resounded with melodious thirds and fifths from "morn to dewey eve." Many an Adagio, and many a Minuet were begun, but none completed: this was wonderful as it was Abel's *own* instrument, and therefore ought to have performed Abel's *own* music!

Gainsborough's passion had now a fresh object: he heard Fischer play on the hautboy; but fortunately, did not deprive him of his instrument. He procured a hautboy, but never made any use of it. Probably his ear was too delicate to bear the disagreeable sounds which necessarily attend the first beginnings on a wind instrument. He seemed to content himself with what he heard in public, and by getting Fischer to play to him in private—not on the hautboy, but the

violin: but this was a profound secret, for Fischer knew that his reputation was in danger if he pretended to excel on two instruments.

His next adventure was at the harp. He heard a harper at Bath; but soon left him harpless; and now Fischer, Abel, and Giardini, were all forgotten:—there was nothing like chords and arpeggios! He really stuck to the harp long enough to play several airs with variations, and in a little time would nearly have exhausted all the pieces usually performed on an instrument incapable of modulation, (this was not the pedal harp) when another visit from Abel brought him back to the viol-di-gamba.

He now saw the imperfection of sudden sounds that instantly die away: if you wanted a staccato, it was to be had by a proper management of the bow; and you might also have notes as long as you pleased. The viol-di-gamba is (again) the only instrument, and Abel the prince of musicians. This, and occasionally a little flirtation on the violin, continued some years; when, as ill luck would have it, he heard Crosdill: but, by some irregularity of conduct, not to be accounted for, he neither took up with, nor bought the violoncello. All his passion for the base was vented in descriptions of Crosdill's tone and bowing, which was rapturous and enthusiastic to the last degree.

More years passed away, when upon seeing a theorbo in a picture of Vandyke's he concluded (perhaps because it was finely painted) that the theorbo must be a fine instrument, and he recollected a German professor having an instrument of that kind, and he immediately set off and ascended *per varios gradus* to his garret, where he found him at dinner on a roasted apple, and smoking his pipe:\*\*\* says he, I am come to buy your lute.—

"To puy my lude!"

Yes—come, name your price, and here is the money.

"I cannod shell my lude!"

No;—not for a guinea or two: but by \*\*\* you must sell it.

"My lude ish wert much monnay!—It is wert ten guinea."

That it is:—see, here is the money.

"Well—if I musht;—but you will not take it away yourself?"

Yes, yes:—good bye \*\*\*. (After he had gone down, he came up again).

\*\*\* I have done but half my errand—What is your lute worth, if I have not your book?

"Whad poog, Maishter Cainsporough?"

Why, the book of airs you have composed for the lute.

"Ah, py cot, I can never part with my poog!"

Poh—poh! you can make another at any time—this is the book I mean (putting it in his pocket).

"Ah, py cot, I cannot."

Come, come; here's another ten guineas for your book—so once more good day to you. (Descends again, and again comes up.) But what use is your book to me, if I dont understand it?—and your lute—you may take it again if you won't teach me to play on it.—Come home with me, and give me my first lesson.

"I will come to-morrow."

You must come now.

"I must tress myshelf."

For what? You are the best figure I have seen to-day.

"Ay musht be shave."

I honour your beard!

"Ay musht bud on my wik."

\*\*\*\* your wig!—Your pap and beard become you!—Do you think, if Vandyke was to paint you he'd let you be shaved?"

In this manner he trifled away his musical talents; and though possessed of ear, taste, and genius, he never had application enough to learn his notes. He scorned to take the first step; the second was of course out of his reach; and the summit became unattainable.

## The Remembrance of Home.

(For Music.)

WRITTEN BY J. H. JEWELL.

Away from my home, oh! what sorrow had I,  
Love clung to my bosom, yet aided each sigh;  
And now I return; yes, again to become  
The child of affection—for dear is my home.

I gaze on the valley, the meadow so green,  
The rill—with its ripple,—while near it is seen  
My mother's dear roof, oh! what spot when we roam  
Can efface from the mind the remembrance of home.

I hear now with pleasure the sweet roundelay;  
'Tis far sweeter *here* than in courts rich and gay;  
Dear strains of my country, again should I roam,  
Each note will recall fond remembrance of home.

## The Musician to his "Ladye Robe,"

(On presenting her with the MS. of a song which he had dedicated to her.)

By GEORGE J. O. ALLMAN.

Oh! if this song I dedicate to thee  
Shall serve to bring me to thy memory!  
Shall serve to wake one thought within thine heart  
Of me! when we shall be both far apart!

Oh! if it cause one gentle sigh to swell  
Thy bosom's depth for one who loves thee well!  
If ev'n a ray of pity cross thy breast,  
Its end is answer'd—I am truly blest.

And trust me then, there ne'er shall pass a day  
From this time forward but that I will play  
And sing this song; and playing think of thee,  
Though it must be as one that's lost to me!

And tho' it may perhaps in after years  
Call up unbidden, sad and bitter tears,  
'Twill bring its share of happiness; and fill  
My soul with calm, if I'm remember'd still.

## Musings of a Musician.

BY HENRY C. LUNN.

"Why these are very crochets that he speaks;  
Notes, notes, forsooth, and noting!"

SHAKESPEARE.

No. XXXIII.

MECHANICAL MUSIC.

If the opinion of the masses were really invited by every person cultivating the arts and sciences. there can be little doubt that men of genius would be carefully separated from men of industry, and the true value of each professor would be determined by the enthusiasm or the indifference with which his works were received by the public. Unfortunately, however, this is not always the case; and thus many who are contented with the silent praise of their own vanity, or the audible praise of a select circle of friends, are frequently led into the erroneous belief that the

world is not only aware of the fact of their existence, but that it is actually interested in their progress.

When literature was confined to that small section of luxurious individuals called the "reading public," and the love of antiquated models was considered a proof of taste, it often happened that those persons who really had little or no creative genius, would spend their time in spinning verses which were only remarkable from the fact of their adhering strictly to some shape or form, trusting that the ingenuity of the workmanship would compensate for the want of originality of thought. Addison, in his essays on wit, in the "Spectator," fully exposed the shallow pretensions of these would-be authors; and, as many of his remarks on "false wit" apply so aptly to what may truly be styled "false music," I cannot refrain from quoting a few of his observations, trusting that my readers will see that those pieces of musical mechanism, of which the *fugue* and *canon* are the most prominent, bear precisely the same relation to the inspirations of natural genius in music, that the verses which our essayist describes bear to truly intellectual poetry.

In his first paper, after mentioning a number of short poems, which were written in the form of an egg, a pair of wings, an axe, a shepherd's pipe, and an altar, he proceeds to say that he should have been happy to present his readers with a translation of some of them, had he not found, upon examination, that the authors had been much more intent upon the *form* of their poems than upon the *sense* of them. "It was impossible," he says, "for a man to succeed in these performances who was not a kind of painter, or at least a designer. He was first of all to draw the outline of the subject which he intended to write upon, and afterward conform the description to the figure of his subject. The poetry was to contract or dilate itself according to the mould in which it was cast. In a word, the verses were to be cramped or extended to the dimensions of the frame that was prepared for them; and to undergo the fate of those persons whom the tyrant Procrustes used to lodge in his iron bed; if they were too short, he stretched them on a rack; and if they were too long, chopped off a part of their legs, till they fitted the couch which he had prepared for them."

He afterwards mentions a race of writers called the lipogrammatists, or letter-droppers, who would write a poem, studiously avoiding the use of a certain letter of the alphabet. One Tryphiodorus was a great master in this kind of writing. He composed an epic poem consisting of four-and-twenty books, on the adventures of Ulysses, having excluded the letter A from the first book, which was called Alpha, on the *lucus à non lucendo* principle, because there was not an alpha in it. The second book was called Beta, for the same reason; and in short, our poet, in turn, excluded the whole four-and-twenty letters of the alphabet, and shewed them, one after another, that he could do very well without them.

In speaking of the anagram, he compares it to a mine not yet broken up, which will not shew the treasure it contains till many hours have been spent in the search for it; the great object being to find out one word that conceals itself in another, and to examine the letters in all the variety of stations in which they can possibly be ranged. "The acrostic," he says, "was probably invented about the same time with the anagram, though it is impossible to decide whether the inventor of the one or the other were the greater blockhead." There are also compound acrostics, where the principal letters stand two or three deep, and many of these are not only edged by a name at each extremity, but have the same name running down like a seam through the middle of the poem.

Any musical person reading these essays, cannot avoid being struck with the similarity between these artificial contrivances in literature, and those ingenious mechanical inventions in music, which depend for their success entirely upon the accuracy with which they are put together. During the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries we find that composers, anxious to lessen the monotony of the gloomy church music, had recourse to the *canon*, which was then a puzzle, and bore about the same relation to music, that the anagram and acrostic do to literature. These ingenious gentlemen also devised the *fugue*, some specimens of which were so written as to be sung backwards and forwards; and, whilst music was thus regarded as a pleasing game, every person who could invent a new trick, received his meed of praise. Compositions which could be equally well read upside down; others to be commenced in the centre, and read either to the left or right, were then looked upon as valuable additions to the store; and it was not until the true aim of music was universally understood and admitted, that these perplexing and unmeaning pieces of mechanism began to find their true level. Notwithstanding the rise of melody, however, and the birth of true musical genius, the taste for many of these antiquities was carefully preserved, and thus the *fugue* and *canon*, not merely in *spirit*, but in *form*, are still held up by musical gropers in past ages, to the intellectual student of the present time.

Now it may be asked how I can be so bold as to depreciate a species of composition which has so long been considered classical. My reply is that I am bold enough to say what I think on all occasions; and, as

I think that the cold form of a *fugue* is the very worst thing that can be held before the student during his probationary study, I do not hesitate to say so. The ingenuity and industry requisite to produce a perfect *fugue* or *canon* would produce, with equal success, a poem in the form of an *axe*; and, as the production of either of these should never be attempted by a man of the highest order of creative genius, so would I not wish that it should ever become the fashion to compel him to do so.

In speaking of the *fugue* and *canon*, however, I do not wish to under-rate the value of the *idea of imitation*, as this must ever be acknowledged one of the most beautiful *effects* in composition. I merely wish to express my dissent from those persons who would wish a student to employ his time in the manner described by Addison—who would, in fact, turn him into a musical Procrustes—making him stretch or cut down a subject until he has brought it to the proper dimensions, and then placing a model before him from which he is strictly forbidden to depart.

It is no argument against this mode of viewing the matter, to say that Bach has left behind him a valuable collection of *fugues*. If his peculiar talent led him to this class of composition, every facility for developing this talent should have been afforded him; and it would have been as absurd to compel him to write operas, as it would be to compel an operatic composer to write *fugues*. All I wish to establish is that writers of this mechanical music must be content to take their places as studious men, who use notes as mathematicians use numbers, whilst the composer, who, knowing and feeling music to be an intellectual and eloquent language, speaks to the feelings of the *people*, must ever be considered as the true and heaven-born musician. The time is rapidly approaching when pedantry in music will die, as it has already done in literature; and, by the light of public opinion, we shall quickly discover who are the men destined to shed a lustre upon the art. Industry will then only be considered valuable when allied to genius; and the person who prides himself upon the ease with which he can construct *fugues* and *canons*, will receive precisely the same praise as the writer who contrived to transcribe the whole of the Old Testament in a full-bottomed perwig, and promised, if the thick kind of wigs came in again, that he would add two or three supernumerary locks that should contain all the Apocrypha.

## Original Correspondence.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

Sir,—

Leicester, August 16, 1845.

I beg permission to occupy a portion of your space with the following remarks, which were elicited by Mr. Clare's letter in No. 31. I think if Mr. C. had made his experiments upon a stringed instrument like the violoncello, he would never have declared the tones in the diatonic scale to be equal, unless his ear was vitiated by constant practice with a piano-forte, where this is necessarily the case, owing to the temperament. In an ascending major scale, which every cultivated ear will allow to be correct, and which persons musically organized would sing naturally, the first tone is greater than the second, the semitones are both more than half a tone, and the tone between the 4th and 5th is greater than that between the 5th and 6th, and equal to that between the 6th and 7th. In trying the scale in this form, I found that the positions in which the notes were stopped, corresponded with the arithmetical divisions of the string which produced harmonics. I took the D string of a violoncello, and, stopping the E at a point where it satisfied my ear as correct, found this to be the 1.9th of the string, which produced the E three octaves above as a harmonic; the F sharp occupied the 1.5th of the string, the position of the harmonic 17th; the G the 1.4th, position of the 15th; the A the 1.3rd, position of the 12th; the B 2.5th, one of the positions of the 17th; the C sharp, 7.15th, one of the positions of the 28th; and the D  $\frac{1}{2}$ , its own place. The correspondence of the places of these notes with the harmonic positions is curious, to say the least, and several of them occupying places producing their own octaves, double or treble octaves is still more remarkable, and goes far to prove that this scale is founded in nature. Taking the string at 27 inches, and dividing it into 270.10ths of an inch, the distances of the notes would be as follows:—

D	$\frac{1}{10}$	E	$\frac{1}{10}$	Fsharp	$\frac{1}{10}$	G	$\frac{1}{10}$	A	$\frac{1}{10}$	B
270, minus 30 = 240	—	24 = 216	—	13 $\frac{1}{2}$ = 202 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	22 $\frac{1}{2}$ = 180	—	18 = 162	—	
		$\frac{1}{10}$ Csharp	$\frac{1}{10}$	D						
		18 = 144	—	9 = 135.						

The 5ths in this scale are all perfect, with the exception of that from E to B, and the second of the scale it is well known is subject to a temperament, according to the chord in which it is employed. The major

thirds, too, are all of that proportion, a major and minor tone, which is the most agreeable to the ear, and as a matter of course the harmony produced by adhering to the sounds found in a scale formed thus will be more rich, pure, and free, from needless discordancy, than that which would be found in cases where the 7th is made extremely sharp, and the 4th as extremely flat, as is recommended by some professors. With such a scale as I have given, the subdominant would remain a key-note, as would also the dominant, so far answering Mr. Clare's query satisfactorily; but, in order to make the scales identical in form, which they must be to be agreeable to the ear, certain alterations would be requisite. In the key of G, for instance, exclusive of the change of C sharp to C natural, the E would have to be lowered, while in A beside, G being made sharp, B would have to be raised. That this alteration in the 2nd of the scale takes place in every new key formed, by adding a sharp, and in the 6th, when the change is effected by a flat, could be easily proved by any player upon stringed instruments, who is in the habit of observing the changes of position in his fingers required by his ear. Upon the violoncello there is a difference of nearly 3.10ths of an inch between E in the key of D, and the same note in G or C. I may observe that the 6.4th upon the tonic of this scale, instead of being repudiated by the ear, is the most agreeable form in which that chord can be produced, and also that combinations of double notes thus proportioned, give the third sound in a most sonorous manner, while any variation, either above or below, prevents that beautiful phenomenon from being any thing like equally powerful and distinct.

That the enharmonic diesis must be abandoned in practice, owing to the employment of keyed instruments, and of wind instruments, which cannot produce the sharp of any note differently from the flat of the note above may be conceded; but, when it appears evident, as it must do to any one who takes his ears into the investigation, that E is sometimes not the same E, nor B, B, then it must be certain that B flat is not A sharp, nor G sharp, A flat, any more than chalk is cheese, or the moon a large looking glass.

I am, Sir, yours, respectfully,

C. OLDERSHAW.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

Dear Sir,

Liverpool, August 12, 1845.

Mr. Edward Clare commences his fourth paragraph, in pretence of his own peculiar nineteen note scale, by "In going through the sounds of the (in music-slang) major scale, we shall find five larger intervals of equal size, and two smaller intervals of equal size, bearing the proportion of five to eight. Now this the ear decides." Now all these four propositions are *decidedly* fictitious: they resemble some of the matter which I saw some years since in the first two or three numbers of a work on harmony by some Mr. Clare. None but a *graduated* ear could "decide" upon Mr. Clare's eight-eighth and five-eighth intervals, either by intention or appreciation; therefore, as I have neither heard of nor known such an ear, I consider the proposition, in respect of it, to be preposterous. In short, all that Mr. Clare pretends, about the ear being able to "guide" us to the correct notes, by means of their intervals, deserves the same description. The ear can decide upon the correctness of notes by their own symmetrical qualities; but it cannot at all decide upon the exact size of their intervals. The dreamy diatonic scale of Mr. Clare consists of fifty eighths. "I think" he will have some difficulty to divide them into nineteen parts.

In my former letter I described the means by which Mr. Clare might produce, and his ear exercise its judgment upon, the symmetrical sounds of the *true diatonic scale* in both modes. I now propose a similar experiment with another *Æolian* harp, "if he can get it," for his *own diatonic scale* in both modes, by means of which, Mr. Clare's ear may be able to decide upon its relative merits. Let ten strings of equal length and weight, as before, be simultaneously stretched upon that instrument by the following amounts of tension in pounds, ounces, and drachms: namely, for his first note, 8 0 0—for his second note, 9 15 1—for his minor third note, 11 7 8—for his major third note, 12 7 7—for his fourth note, 14 5 1—for his fifth note, 17 11 6—for his minor sixth note, 20 8 13—for his major sixth note, 22 4 8—for his major seventh note, 27 13 1—and for his eighth note, 32 0 0. This experiment affords the only means by which Mr. Clare's ear may decide upon the correctness of the intervals and the notes of its owner's diatonic scale; and if it can approve of them, "I think" it is the very ear that would delight itself with the sounds of the badly-graduated bagpipe, and the twopenny fife, and the sixpenny flute. The erroneous intonations of the notes of this scale may be appreciated by a comparison of the amounts of tension here with these in my former letter.

I will now proceed further to test the doctrine of Mr. Clare's imaginary "five larger intervals of equal size, and two smaller intervals of equal size, bearing the proportion of five to eight," with the *real* sounds



of the trumpet, the intonations of which "the ear decides" to be quite perfect, with but two exceptions; and it will appear that the intervals of notes in ascending or descending progression are *never* of equal size. Let the trumpet be arranged for C. The first (or lowest) note is double bass C—its second note is bass C—its third, fourth, and fifth notes are tenor G, C, and E—its sixth, seventh, eighth, ninth, tenth, and eleventh notes are treble G, B flat, C, D, E, and inharmonious F; and its twelfth, thirteenth, fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth notes are higher treble G, inharmonious A, B flat, B and C. The following are the scale relations and the intervals: namely, the octave notes for double bass C and bass C—the perfect fifth notes for bass C and tenor G—the true fourth notes for tenor G and C—the fundamental major third, and the minor and deficient-minor third notes for tenor C, treble E, G and B flat—the redundant, the major, and the minor tones, which are called also major second notes, for treble B flat, C, D, and E—some unmusical nondescript intervals for treble E, inharmonious F, higher treble G, inharmonious A, and B flat—and the redundant and the major semitones, which are called also minor second notes, for higher treble B flat, B and C. Such are the different scale relations and the unequal intervals of the only kinds of notes which can enter into musical harmony; except the inharmonious treble F and higher treble A; both of which I expect to make some figure in Mr. Clare's nineteen notes' scale, when he may find the time to bring it out.

Mr. Clare may "think" to screen himself from my scrutinies by some allusion to the almost equal intervals of the pianoforte and other instruments with fixed sounds; but I will prevent him. Mr. Clare has placed himself *hors de combat*, in this respect, by his "two smaller intervals of five-eighths each," by which he leaves only forty-eighths to be divided equally amongst his "five larger intervals of equal size." Besides, I can shew by a simple experiment that the almost equal tone intervals of the pianoforte serve all the purposes, according to circumstances, of the redundant—the major and the minor tones. The combination of the notes of the redundant tone is the least disagreeable;—that of the notes of the minor tone is the most so. After the chords from E flat and B flat have been heard, the notes treble A flat and B flat represent the redundant tone, and their combination is tolerable; but after the chords from C flat and G flat have been heard, the same notes represent the minor tone, and their combination is intolerable.

With the intention to proceed with this curious subject,

I am, yours truly,  
J. MOLINEUX.

## Review.

*Lithographic Likenesses of Vieuxtemps, Sivori, and Richardson.* (Jullien, 214, Regent Street.)

The above are very happy specimens of M. Baugniet's powers of transferring features, expression, and individuality, from the model to stone. The likenesses are very remarkable, especially those of Richardson and Vieuxtemps. The great violinist has a countenance and head so strikingly peculiar as to present a task of no great difficulty to the draughtsman, and we are not therefore so much astonished at the resemblance as we are when we look at the portrait of the flautist. Richardson's features are by no means inexpressive, but they give out no salient points, they offer no peculiarity or newness of conformation, which the designer might lay hold on at a glance, and transfer with a touch. The fidelity with which Baugniet has wrought this likeness is very wonderful. It is also, as a work of art, the best of the three. If there has not been more pains taken with it than the other two, the artist was certainly in a happier mood when he drew it. The lithograph of Sivori is inferior to the others, but is nevertheless a work of excellence. The position of the head is good, and the mouth and nose real, but the eyes are not large enough, and give us but a faint idea of the rounded lights that burn in the head of the great artist. M. Baugniet is certainly unsurpassed in this style of drawing, and the works before us must add to his already established reputation.

## Foreign Intelligence.

PARIS.—*Le Menètrier*, the new opera of Theodore Labarre, the celebrated harpist, has been produced at the *Opera Comique* with much success. The *France Musicale*, writing of the music, says:—"Its distinguishing features are a great decision of style; a sentiment corresponding to the scenic exigencies; melody by turns graceful, *piquant*, or dramatic; rhythm always varied, often original; an energetic harmony, and instrumentation sonorous and coloured." The journal adds that the author has obtained for himself a place in the first rank of contemporaneous composers. (*Nous verrons.*)

— The new ballet, *Le Diable à Quatre*, has met with a tremendous reception at the Opera. The plaudits endured from the commencement to the end. It gains nightly in public favour. Adolph Adam's music is spoken very highly of, and Carlotta Grisi's success is unprecedented. They insist in all the French journals that the character she plays is incomparably her most beautiful creation. (*We believe that.*)

— Salvi, the celebrated tenor, is at present reposing at Bologna, where, in addition to his many friendships, he reckons that of Rossini, whose wit would make a Polar winter pass like a pleasant day. He will shortly depart for St. Petersburg, where last year he supplied Rubini's place with the greatest success. After his season in the City of the Czars, he proceeds to Madrid, where he has obtained a splendid engagement.

— THEATRE ITALIEN.—Madame Grisi and Monsieur Vatel are not seemingly on the best possible terms. The fair *cantatrice* wrote him a letter more than a fortnight since, apprising him of an *item* in their agreement, viz., that he should produce a new opera for her this year. "The Director of the Italian Opera," she writes, "has not yet fulfilled his agreement with me, nor kept his faith with the public." She insists upon the manager bringing out *I Lombardi*; and, in order that Monsieur Vatel may have no excuse, she has written two months before the opening of the theatre.

MADRID.—Ronconi is creating a great sensation in our city. He is a tremendous favourite. Donizetti intends writing an opera for him. He goes to Paris for the winter, and returns hither in the spring. In addition to his engagement as first baritone, he has been offered the entire direction of the stage and the singing.

## Provincial Intelligence.

Bristol.—The Distin Concerts. The celebrated Distin family gave two concerts in this city within the last week, on Monday and Tuesday evening. We are happy to state that on both occasions the theatre, the place where the concerts were given, was attended by such an audience as is rarely witnessed within the walls of that generally desolate edifice. The performances of the Distin family were, on the whole, rapturously received, several of the pieces being vehemently encored, particularly one quintet, which, upon being played before the Queen, so pleased her, that that illustrious personage re-demanded it.

Mr. Distin played "The Soldier Tired" on the trumpet, with a success which is truly astonishing, when we consider the elaborate character of the composition, and the imperfect capabilities of the instrument upon which it was played. The Distins were assisted in the concert by Miss Isaacs, a vocalist of considerable talent, who appeared to have become a favourite with the audience, as several of her songs were encored on both nights, and all of them were received with considerable enthusiasm. The Distin family leaves England for Germany and Russia in October.

UXBRIDGE.—Mr. Birch gave a concert here on Thursday evening last. The following performers were engaged:—The Misses Williams, Mr. Machin, Mr. Patey, Mr. John Parry, Mr. Carte, and the Distin family. It brought one of the fullest attendances ever known at Uxbridge.

LIVERPOOL.—The Queen of the Dance, Taglioni, having "well nigh completed her career of glory, and nearly gathered in her whole harvest of coronals," appeared for the last time in Liverpool, at the Theatre Royal, Williamson Square, previous to her quitting the stage, on Monday evening, in her most charming creation, "La Sylphide," and subsequently in a *divertissement*. How exquisitely Taglioni, in the Sylphide, realises the idea of "the aerial form, whose lovely eyes beam, whose rosy lips smile, and whose every step and gesture tells a new story of bounding, extatic, irrepressible joy," can only be imagined by those who have witnessed her performance. She was very ably supported by Mons. Silvain, as the representative of *Reuben*, the swain, and by Mrs. J. Ridgway, as *Eola*, a sylph, and Mademoiselle Petit-Stephen, as *Eppe*, Mr. J. Ridgway, as *Sandy*, and Mr. T. Ridgway, as *Sorcere*, ably sustained their respective characters. There was a very pleasing dance introduced also in the first scene by the *corps de ballet*. The house was enraptured, and Taglioni cheerfully complied with the unanimously expressed desire of the auditory to repeat a most delicious *pas*, which occurred towards the close of the ballet. Having been called for on the curtain falling, she insisted on being accompanied by the whole party, and they were greeted with enthusiastic applause. In the *divertissement*, Taglioni was vociferously encored in her new Mazurka, and Petit-Stephen and Silvain elicited a similar compliment in the Boleros *La Sevellain*, both very charming dances. They were all again called before the curtain, to receive the hearty acclamations of the spectators.—(*Liverpool Mail*.)

MANCHESTER.—APPEARANCE OF MADEMOISELLE TAGLIONI.—There was quite "a sensation" at Cooke's Royal Amphitheatre, on Wednesday evening, occasioned by what was supposed to be the valedictory curtsy of this sylph of the "many twinkling feet." The house was crowded to excess in every part. We understand that the receipts of the night amounted to upwards of £300. In the ballet, cycled *La Sylphide*, Taglioni appears in the first scene, and on her *entree* she was greeted with successive rounds of applause. She seemed to us to be looking pale and depressed, and the whole of her performances were undistinguished by the energy and volent bound which years ago marked her dancing. The ballet proceeded; but perhaps a more wretched affair, bearing such a title, was never before produced. It is a patch-work of many colours, extracted from *La Esmeralda*, *Mountain Sylph*, *Macbeth*, &c. To call this piece a ballet, as brought forward here, is a sad mis-application of the word: nothing connected with it, save Taglioni's dancing, was worth a rush. Taglioni danced her celebrated *Pas de Trois*, *Le Pas Invisible*, and a new grand *Pas de Deux*. In all these efforts of her extraordinary genius she displayed her accustomed grace and aerial lightness, and presented to the eye a succession of fascinating pictures that have justly earned for her the fame and profit which she enjoys. But, in our opinion, while the *prestige* of past glories gives to her name a charm that attracts multitudes of beholders, she cannot bear comparison with Carlotta Grisi in her antelope spring and elasticity; with Cerito, in her exuberant and joyous spirits, and her unceasing vivacity; nor with Lucile Grahn, in beauty and the true poetry of her art. Taglioni was justly "the observed of all observers" in a former day; but she has now bright and attractive competitors, who have advanced with the progress of this scientific age, and who justly contend with her for the palm. At the close of the ballet Mr. H. Webb appeared before the curtain to announce that the management had succeeded in forming another engagement with Madlle. Taglioni, and that she would re-appear here on the evening of Tuesday, the 2nd of September. (*Excellent Critic*!!!)

THE QUEEN'S THEATRE.—The *Beggars' Opera*, in which Miss Romer, Mr. W. Harrison, and Mr. Borrani take the leading parts, continues to be nightly attractive. This distinguished trio have sojourned here for the last fortnight, and have won "golden opinions" by their delightful performances in all the operas in which they have been engaged.—(*Manchester Times*.)

DUBLIN.—On Tuesday M. Jullien and his truly inimitable band, with the *Danseuses Viennoises*, who have been engaged for four nights, made their appearance at the Music Hall, under the management of Mr. Mackintosh; and an idea of the crowds that attended may be formed from the fact, that several hundreds were unable to obtain admission. We cannot wonder at this, as the opportunity of witnessing the performance of these unrivalled little creatures, at the low rates of charge, was too great a boon to all classes not to be eagerly embraced. Then Jullien, independent altogether of his glorious band—Jullien, with his hyacinthine curls, his whiskers, his ocean of white waistcoat and cravat, his gorgeous baton studded with precious stones—why it is a positive treat to look at him. Besides, there is no real nonsense in this most accomplished musician with all this, for see him leading, and he is all excitement and earnestness, with an ear to detect the slightest irregularity, and a tact and method that are sure to produce every effect of which music is capable. The style in which the Irish and Welsh quadrilles, the selections from *Southern*, with the delightful solos of Herr Koenig, and, indeed, all the music was given, created the utmost delight. Then the dancing—although the stage was rather confined—so fully exhibited the ease, the grace, the precision that this charming group of juvenile performers have attained, that the audience was in raptures, and at the conclusion of the entertainment the applause was most enthusiastic. The *Danseuses Viennoises* will again appear this evening, to-morrow, and Saturday, in conjunction with Jullien's band, when we would suggest to Mr. Mackintosh the propriety of having the doors opened at six or at half-past six at the furthest, and thus the house will gradually fill, and the rush made when they are not opened until between seven and eight will be in a great measure prevented.—(*Evening Packet*.)

### Miscellaneous.

WORCESTER MUSICAL FESTIVAL.—The hundred and twentieth sacred festival of the three choirs of Worcester, Hereford, and Gloucester, held in rotation at each of those cities, will take place at Worcester next week, preparations having been actively in progress for some considerable time past. The last meeting held at Worcester (in September 1842) was, with one single exception, the most productive to the "Charity for the Relief of the Widows and Orphans of Clergymen" of any on record, the sum of £1,059. 16s. 2d. having been realised from the eleemosynary contributions at the doors of the cathedral, the whole of which goes to the charity, and is exempt from liability in respect of the festival's actual expenses. These are seldom reimbursed by the receipts for tickets sold on account of their extent. In 1839, the number of cathedral tickets sold was 3,873, and of concert tickets 1,332. In 1842, the number of cathedral tickets disposed of was 4,199, and of concert tickets 1,579. Yet, although the price of these tickets varied from half-a-crown to a guinea (the majority of them 7s. 6d. and 10s. 6d.), their produce was insufficient for defraying the heavy expenses incurred in procuring an efficient band and singers, and in other expenses: the deficiency fell upon those gentlemen who undertook the duties of stewards. On account, however, of the serious nature of this responsibility, it was found difficult to get gentlemen to undertake it, and accordingly, in 1842, and also in the present year, a "guarantee fund" was raised with the view of indemnifying them. This fund amounts to about £500, and the number of stewards being increased to sixteen, has the effect of dividing the responsibility. The stewards for the present festival are as follow:—Lord Eastnor, Rev. J. R. Wood (canon of Worcester Cathedral), Rev. J. R. Berkeley, Rev. G. H. Clifton, Rev. H. W. Cookes, Rev. J. D. Simpson, Rev. J. Wright, J. M. Gutch, Esq., E. Holland, Esq., J. B. Morgan, Esq., J. C. Dent, Esq., F. Rafford, Esq., G. Smith,



Esq., J. Taylor, Esq., W. Tennant, Esq., and G. C. Vernon, Esq. President, the Lord Bishop of Worcester. The festival is also under the immediate patronage of Her Majesty the Queen and of the Queen Dowager. The grand ball, which takes place on the Friday evening, is under the patronage of the lay stewards. With regard to the musical department, we may mention the following as among the principal performers:—Miss Rainforth, Herr Staudigl, Mr. Young, Mr. Hobbs, Mr. Pearsall, Mr. Machin, Miss Whitnall, and the Misses Williams. Madame Dulcken takes the pianoforte, and Mr. Loder will be the leader of the band, which has been selected from the orchestras of the Ancient and Philharmonic Concerts. Great improvements have been made in the new and splendid organ erected in the cathedral for the last festival, and altogether the band and chorus will number about three hundred performers. The choral department has been selected with the greatest care from the Sacred Harmonic Society, Exeter Hall, and the Worcester and Gloucester Choral Societies. We have already given in former numbers of the *Morning Post* a glance at the programme. The morning meetings will be held, as in 1842, in the nave of the cathedral, that being found more convenient than the choir, and the concerts as usual in the College Hall. The galleries, orchestra, &c., are now, with trifling exceptions, completed, and preliminary rehearsals have been had in London and in Worcester and Gloucester. —(*Morning Post*.)

THE MUSEUM OF FLOWERS. Nos. 1 to 6. By Miss Rosenberg.—Groombridge.—(We have extracted the following from the pages of the *Morning Post*, as it refers to the work of an accomplished lady, the sister of our poetical contributor, C. Rosenberg.) The contents of these numbers are more valuable to the floriculturist and the amateur flower-painter than to the public generally, and when completed the work promises to be a very valuable addition to the library of the one and the study of the other: more especially, perhaps, to the first; as the specimens given by the artist are choice and rare examples of the more successful efforts to improve the breeds of hothouse and fancy floriculture by seedling cultivation. The plates are executed in a vigorous manner, and are coloured by hand, with great neatness. We might refer to the group of *Anemones* in No. 3, and the elegant drawing of the group of *Hibiscus Sarraatensis* in No. 4, as examples of the delicacy and force shown by this lady in her treatment of the subject. The most masterly example is, however, a very delicate and exquisitely-composed group of *Passifloræ* (the passion-flower) comprising three varieties, given in the first number, which augurs well for the artist's comprehension of the more subtle graces of composition in line and colour. The letter-press is just what it should be—concise and full of information; although some of the puffs of the local nurseries and amateur horticulturists from whom the specimens given have been obtained, might be omitted with advantage. We can cordially recommend the work to the classes to whom it addresses itself. Nor are the type and printing inferior to the artistic and literary execution, for which we have praised it.

MUSIC, ITS USE.—Two great men, Euripides and Plutarch, differ widely on the propriety of introducing music at a feast. "If at any time," says the philosopher, "it is over a glass of wine that music should be allowed. Then chiefly Apollo and Bacchus harmonize; and Euripides shall not persuade me that music should be applied to melancholy and grief, for there sober reason should, like a physician, take care of the diseased mind." But let us hear the poet.

Queen of ev'ry moving measure!  
Sweetest source of purest pleasure!  
Music, why thy powers employ  
Only for the sons of joy!  
Only for the smiling guests  
At natal or at nuptial feasts?  
Rather thy lenient numbers pour  
On those whom secret griefs devour,  
And with some softly-whispered air  
Smooth the brow of dumb despair.

Imitated from the "*Medea*" of Euripides, by J. Warton.

COMPOSITION IN MUSIC.—To shew the difficulties in putting words of meaning to music, we must be aware how often the lines, if properly pronounced, would impede the tune; and, on the contrary, the tune does not permit a good reader to utter the words as the *sense* directs the use of the accents. Many musical persons think that sense has little to do with tunes, as many *bon vivants* think that conversation stops the bottle, and with equal justice perhaps in both cases.

POETRY AND MUSIC.—These have been by some theorists considered as sister arts, and indeed this analogy of relation is striking, when we observe, that their different modes of obtaining their common end (*viz.* exciting pleasure) often produce the same jealousy which two sisters may be supposed to feel, who are attached to one and the same lover. The poet is jealous of the composer, lest he should render the lines of the poem flat or unintelligible by the nice divisions and subdivisions peculiar to his art; and the musician is afraid that strong sense and nervous language should impede the fluency of his notes, or render the melody feeble and confused. So the two sister-arts seldom agree, or look for any compromise where mutual jealousy so strongly operates. It may be a question whether in some parts Milton would have approved of Handel's composing his "*L'Allegro*."

WE are delighted to learn of Auber's convalescence. He has been dangerously ill, and, though now recovering, has been absolutely forbidden all sorts of mental or bodily excitement. We cannot afford to lose the author of *La Muette* and *Fra Diavolo*.

MISS BARRETT, Miss Cubitt, Mr. Machin and Mr. Frederic Chatterton are engaged by Mr. Hackett to perform, in October, at a series of concerts at Bradford and other towns of Yorkshire.

MR. BUNN, the director of Drury-lane Theatre, is at present in Paris looking for novelty, but the Grand Opera, which used to be a point of attraction for all the managers in Europe, he finds so changed, that he is compelled to extend his journey to Germany and Italy.—(*Galignani*.)

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—Leopold de Meyer has been retained for another week at this theatre, in consequence of his increasing popularity. The enterprising manager spares no expense to add variety of entertainment to his bill of fare. John is likewise engaged.

**ACCENT AND QUANTITY.**—We compare *quantity* to musical tones, differing in long and short, as, upon whatever line they stand, a *semibreve* differs from a *minim*. We compare accent to musical tunes, differing in *high* and *low*, as *D* upon the third line differs from *G* upon the first, be its length the same, or be it longer or shorter.—(*Harris's Philological Enquiries.*)

**THE CHARITIES OF MUSIC.**—It is fitting in a country where music has been so active an agent in the cause of charity, as the prisons, hospitals, dispensaries of the United Kingdom can amply testify in this, that musicians of every grade should find an enlarged toleration. The good they have done indirectly pleads for them. Handel's *Messiah*, in its picture of divine sufferings and wrong meekly sustained, has disposed so many hearts to pity and tenderness, and so thoroughly opened the sluices of benevolence, as to be the noblest legacy to the charities of a nation ever bequeathed by a sympathetic and suffering mind. Like its great subject, it goes about "doing good," and may without a figure of speech be said to have healed the sick, and fed the hungry. We believe that there is in society at large an involuntary acknowledgment of the benefits conferred on them by great composers in the moral and intellectual effect of their works. The prevailing good will towards music and its professors, the disposition to encourage composition, and to place the art on a footing of national and political importance, prove this. Even the poor, who live on crumbs of melody from the Opera House and theatres, exhibit no envy of the vagabondizing itinerants who play to them, though frequently better fed and clothed. The gipsy life, with an instrument at your hand or your back to gain a dinner or a night's lodging, as Goldsmith did with his flute in the Alps, revolts, even amongst the humblest of the community, their sturdy notions of independence; but still the art is one of the humanities, and, as such, free from contumely and insult. With regard to the monied patronage which it draws, we need only refer to the number and condition of our public minstrels, who in more genial weather are often to be discovered breakfasting at large in the fields, or stretched at length under friendly trees, with "choice of sun or shade." The latest as well as the newest beneficent direction of the art was exhibited at the settlement of the Chinese treaty the other day, when Sir Henry Pottinger and Lord Saltoun sang for the advantage of British commerce. It may soon be a question of the vocal powers of diplomatists. The researches of the learned assure us that in hot climates the chromatic, and in cold the diatonic harmony are principally affected: hence the Rubini or Lablache character of voice must determine the latitude for which it is eligible. The venerable and gallant Lord Saltoun was long an efficient choral basso of the Madrigal Society, before he went to China to fight and sing for the good of his country. To have made a first appearance in public at such a distance, is an era in English art; and, if the trade revive as much as is expected, our merchants will owe him an equestrian statue.—(*Spectator.*)

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